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The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1910 -- Vol. 34

Phi Sigma

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THE SIGMA

VOICE

Jan. 1910.

VOL. XXXIV.

Greeting -

With apologies to Jas. Whitcomb Riley

I

When the "Voice" is on the tapis
and our wits are all in lock,
And each morning draws us nearer
To the evening when we talk!
O! it's then the time the editor
is feeling at his worst
Having failed to shift his burdens
As he hoped to do at first!
So he brings for your inspection
What we hope you will not knock
Since the "Voice" is on the tapis
And our wits are all in lock -

II

There's something kind & pleasant like
On Sunday atmosphere
When the writing all is over
And the train again is clear;
So we spring our little efforts
On the helpless members now,
As we open up our treasures
And make our virgin bow;
May they meet your strong approval,
May they pass without a shock
Since the "Voice" is on the tapis
And our wits are all in lock!

An appeal for Inspiration

At Sappho's altar now we stand
And pour a new libation!
To catch her spirit - if we may,
With lofty inspiration!

The fire of genius smoulders there
And from a burning ember
We grasp a spark! We light our torch!
And all thy grace remember!

Accept this wreath - which now we lay
Upon thy golden altar!
From us who press the path of fame
With feet that often falter!

Can modern spirits reach the heights
Where ancient Souls now slumber?
Or rouse the echoes of the past,
Or smite the Sire - I wonder!

It. It.

PERSONALS

The Phi Sigma will hold its January meeting this evening at the cross roads below the black-smith shop at Charlie Rundells. Charlie is one of our most promising young men; he'll promise anything. Charlie started in on this paper as assistant printers devil and if we do say it, it takes a good man to stay with the Voice. Charlie has now worked up from assistant devil to head devil and we never had a better one. Ever since he went sparking round the neighborhood and finally got Maud Crumb to marry him, we have liked to drop in there for the evening. Just before bedtime, about quarter of nine, Maud always serves doughnuts and cider. The club is looking for a good time this evening.

We point with pride to the number of men who have had humble beginning among us and who by honest toil and the patient use of the broad brimmed straw hat and overalls have been able to die with a crowshade tidy on the parlor table and in some cases a hand worked motto of "Welcome" or "Home Sweet Home" hanging on the wall. Two citizens of our village have already a cottage organ and we have heard it talked that Dr. Fitch was learning to play the accordion; and now another of our boys has began well, Young Clarence Funk who is working his way thru the academy spent the summer haying and threshing for a Russian farmer in another state, names Nicholas. Clarence reports crops were good, but Nick's machinery and tools were not in the best of condition; and so the boy has come home with his head full of notions of how to make a scythe that will do double work by cutting on the backward as well as on the forward stroke. When we suggested there wouldn't be anything left for the backward stroke to cut, after the forward stroke had cut it all down, he said there were always kickers and that if Noah had waited to build his ark till there was a flood to float it on, he would have had to hang by his toes to the rainbow while he did the work. Then Clarence went off scratching his head. Clarence is a smart boy all right whether on scythes or scripture. He says he made \$47 this summer.

The Editor serves notice that none of the members of this club are allowed to kiss any of the ladies at club meeting except under two conditions. Any man who has been away and meets his own wife there may kiss her if it is necessary to do so in order to preserve peace in the family, or because he thinks the public effect is good; or, a man may kiss any of the women members when the club is playing post office publicly. The editor is moved to make these remarks because the last time private kissing was indulged in at a club meeting, the editor was not included in the joys thereof. If this matter is not mentioned again in these columns the members may draw any of three conclusions:

First, that the practice has stopped.

Second, that it may not have stopped but at least the editor don't know about it, or

Third, that the editor has been included and all is well.

Sam Parks of Bugville was a pleasant caller last week. Sam came in to pay his subscription and traded us a barrel of apples for one years subscription in arrears, and one in advance. Call again Sam, We are moved to remark that we wish that aother Sam, Sam Sailor, would pay up. We have threatened to stop Sam's paper but Dr. Fitch says we have got to give him more time to get around as he is threatened with the book worm this spring.

It has been reported that our young fellow townsman A. M. Corwin has won his degree at Stiffpush College. They do say the graduation paper be read was in two parts.

First--The action of Phenilhydrozyne on Acidthio carbamis,
and

Second-The action of Phenilhydrozyne on Benzoil-psendo thenrious

What the actions of these things might be we do not know, but we venture that however wild they perform they will do no worse than the young man himself. It isn't probable the Phenilhydrozyne could plait a cow's tail round the deacons door knob, or cause the only permanent old maid in the village to waste her money on clothes finery by telling her, as young Corwin did that the principal of the Academy dreamed of her every night. Not even Acilthio carbanic, or Benzoil psendotheurious could do worse than that. For that reason we were glad to see May Fiske turn Corwin down, tho it is rumored May's old chum Lena Rickords, has been mightily interested lately by the young graduate.

Exit Filliken

" There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent, or hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing, Will alone is great;
All things give way before it soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the Sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves,
Let the fools prate of Luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action, or inaction
Serves the one great aim. Why, even Death itself
Stands still and waits an hour sometimes
For such a Will!"

Quotation -

S.S. Parks says he's so rushed
He has no time to write!
Why I have seen him several times,
Go strolling round at night
A peering in midst smoky cooks
And wasting lots of time
That he could better far put in
In writing "poems" and rhyme!

Now Sam has got a brain that teems
With funny quips and jokes -
And he should write them down like me -
To entertain the folks!

He should fill with Song and jests
The "Voice's" empty pages -
What's written here - not State Reports -
Goes thundering down the ages!

He lives - like me - by wits alone! -
Not as you think - by learning!
By steering clients past the "pen"
By a sudden legal turning!
But Sam should know - what I have learned -
When called, he has no choice.
No actions speak more loud than words
We judge him by "The Voice!"

and since we speaking now of "Sams"
(and each one is a "nailer")
I'll mention here another - one
who is a mighty Sailor!

He was asked to steer the ship
that Sigma sails each season;
But he refused to take command,
And gave this for his reason -

He had so many ships to steer -
all full - like ancient Argo -
That if he took command of this,
He could not furnish cargo!

This answer turned away our wrath,
That had but little ~~fuel~~ fuel:-
and so we builded up again,
And rested th on "Newall".

----- . o . -----

Wild Magrangs I have met!

Too many Editors spoil the "Voice"!

The Pardon Board is greater than the "Pen".

(Porta nasciter - non fit!
Some ports are nasty - not fit!)

Hell hath no fury like a woman's corn!

He yests at scores - who never played at bridge!

If they take an inch - give 'em ell!

A woman's negative often gives positive joy!
You can't get blood out of a turnip - who expects to?

If a man sews - it surely shall rip!

~~~~~.O.~~~~~

out brief candle! Life's a stage  
and each of us a player.  
But the man who wins at last  
Is the fighter - and the taker!

In his time each may play,  
The fool, or king or minion -  
Be a failure - or success -  
A matter of opinion!

Death may bring a monument  
But no man is certain!  
Lights out! Play is done  
Drop the final curtain!

~~XX~~



SUMMER TIME.

\*\*\*\*

I sing the song of Summer time -  
The end of Winter's reign!  
Of ~~waxling~~ birds - and daffodils -  
And violets come again!

No longer now the somber day  
With features cold and wan,  
Glides early to the arms of night  
And lingers there at dawn!

But springing up - all bright with dew,  
It shouts with glad acclaim,  
The coming of the Summer time  
When violets bloom again!

Sing all ye birds - your tuneful lays!  
And softly blow ye winds!  
God's breath is warming all the earth -  
To bring Sweet Summer time!

1/2510.

W. Hamill -



THE CROSSING.

\*\*\*\*\*

On the banks of Jordan standing  
Lord we wait Thy strengthening hand!  
Through the raging of the torrent  
We can see the Promised Land!

All the journey - now behind us -  
Thou hast been our guide and friend!  
Lord Thy Mercy still extend us -  
Safely guard us to the end!

Strike the waters - and the billows  
Rolling back, shall show the way!  
Save Thy people great Jehovah!  
Lord have mercy - we are clay!

1/25.10.

H. Hamile



## YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHTS

\*\*\*\*\*

Sometimes at night when I lay down  
An' try to rest an' sleep  
I seem to whirl and fly around!  
An' fall in chasms deep!  
An' fearful things set on my bed  
An' will not take their flight,  
But set an' grin an' flop their wings -  
When I've et pie at night!

Sometimes I'm skeered to sleep alone  
Up in my room so dark:  
I like to see some animals  
But not the whole blamed ark!  
An' when the snakes go weavin' around,  
An' tigers growl an' fight,  
I cover up my head an' yell -  
When I've et pie at night!

An' then pa comes an' sets by me,  
An' ma she tiptoes in,  
An' stands around an' holds the lamp  
An' says - "It is a sin  
The way that child worries me  
By havin' such a fright! "  
I guess she's see the goblins too,  
If she'd et pie at night!

But when at last I fall asleep  
I let go father's hand!  
Then he steals out an' shuts the door,  
An' I'm in Sleepy Land!  
I wish that future dark, dark dreams  
Would all turn fair an' bright  
Like fathers touch drove fears away  
When I'd et pie at night!

1/25/00

H. Hamill



BIG BILL TAFT.

\*\*\*\*

When Teddy left the White House chair  
To hunt for Afric plunder  
He chose a man to fill the place  
Who some folks thot a wonder!  
A man who'd carry on the work  
(Excuse me if I laughed)  
And finish all the tasks commenced-  
This wonder-BIG BILL TAFT!

We hoped he'd squelch Old Uncle Joe!  
And keep Old Aldrich under!  
Revise the tariff downward some-  
And take from trusts their plunder!  
Preserve the timber - keep coal lands  
(I'm sure that some one laughed!)  
And keep Pinchot on the Job -  
This marvel BIG BILL TAFT!

But ~~allow~~ hopes have been betrayed  
We thot his spine was boney.  
That he would stand against great odds!  
But no, his Canons Crony!  
We thot his brow was built quite large  
(There! Someone surely laughed!)  
But all his strengths below that line  
He's only BIG BUILT AFT!

The "joke" stolen from "Harvard  
Sampson" but the poetry is the  
poet's own

St. Hamill

1/25/0



Notes from Phys. Tribune  
January 1878

Comic Ads.?

Jan. 27-1878

Wanted - Girl for general house work  
in a small private family, must be  
a good cook, washer and ironer,  
and come well recommended.  
Wages \$2.<sup>00</sup> a week. Call 121 Louis St.  
near Van Buren.

Anyone living at 121 at this time  
will probably recognize this call  
for help.



Jan. 27-1878

In the same issue under  
Real Estate For Sale we find the  
following:—

\$200. a ft. Business lot on State St.  
near Harmon Ct. Want an offer  
J. B. Boyd - 179 Madison St.

• Not I us would be willing to  
pay \$200 per ft. for property  
in that section.

another like unto it.

\$5000. Lot of frame Bldg South  
front on Washington St. between  
E 5th Ave. and Franklin St.  
same party.



Jan. 22 - 1878

Lost - \$5 Reward. A dark red  
and white cow with right  
ear cut - any one returning  
her to 1063 Michigan Ave.  
will receive the above  
reward. Let us hope  
the cow ~~found~~ found its owner.

Another item indicates the cost  
of living in Jan. 1878.

|                 |            |
|-----------------|------------|
| Floury Butter - | 15¢ lb.    |
| Sugar Cured Ham | 7 1/2¢ lb. |

Dr. Corwin



# PASTORAL PERPLEXITIES.

I am shepherd of a little parochial flock. I have tended other flocks, both as under-shepherd in a city and as ruling shepherd in a town; but never before have I known one containing so many heterogeneous elements as the one I have at present. Years ago I had lessons in pastoral care. No man ever undertook pastoral work with better theories of sheep-culture than I. In fact, in all ordinary dealings with sheep and goats, I believe I can do as well as the next man. I know their nature, their habits, their needs, and have learned to adapt myself to all conventional idiosyncrasies. I can do anything that is according to rule. I have all the latest novelties of an institutional-fold, every organization intended to benefit the various members of a normal flock, a Little Lambs' Lullaby Library, a Young Rams' and He-Goats' Association, an Auxiliary for Aged Ewes, a Guild for Giddy Goats, a Ewe-Lambs' Friendly Society, a Butters' Brigade and a flourishing chapter of the Brotherhood of Belwethers. All this sort of thing I understand perfectly well. I have my sheep and goats classified and organized; and they all fit in well into the orderly system of my fold.

But what puzzles me is how to apply even the most approved principles of sheep-culture to the care of animals which are not sheep. For a long time I was distressed at my inability to deal successfully with some strange creatures I found in my fold, which were all legs and always kicking. I tried every method known to the science of Pastoral Theology for dealing with erratic sheep or refractory goats; but my efforts led to no satisfactory result. My amazement at my inexplicable failure was quite as great as my sorrow. At last it dawned on my dazed mind that I was dealing not with sheep but with kangaroos. Now what is a shepherd to do with the kangaroos of the flock? There is perplexity Number 1.

Then again in my dealings with ewes, I have found creatures which spit and Scratch in most unewelike fashion. What is a shepherd to do with the cats of his flock? There is perplexity Number 2, more than doubly distressing than the other. A shepherd may be expected to manage sheep; but is it fair to expect that he can do equally well with cats, kangaroos, fowls of the air and creeping things? The Pastoral virtues of a David count for little; a man needs the versatility of a Noah. I have been tempted to insert a new clause in the Litany to the effect that my Parish may be delivered "from all kickings of kangaroos and cantankerousness of cats," for how can a Vestry composed of the one and a Sewing Society composed of the other continue to exist?

What can be done about it? There they are in the fold, and I must deal with them. Is it possible to use their special qualities in some positive sort of way? Is the native impulsiveness of the kangaroo susceptible of right direction? Can the undeniable force of his constitutional Protestantism be utilized in agitations for true reform? Ideally



Pastoral Perplexities- - - #2- - -

considered, what is the etical value of unlimited hind-leg? After long and painful effort I have seemed sometimes to find that kangaroos are really very effective in projects requiring rapid advance in several directions at once. The method of concentration by diffusion would not seem to promise great results; but it has its uses under peculiar circumstances, and circumstances very often are peculiar. I must, however, humbly own that I have never solved the cat problem, the promotion of felicitous felinity. I can see no possible use for cats in a sheep-fold, unless it be for the work of mutual extermination. They can be tolerated so long as any other species remain to be killed off. If they can be induced to confine their attention to each other, the peace-loving spared, while they themselves receive appropriate punishment. At any rate the problem both ontologically and practically considered seems to defy all other efforts at solution.

I often wonder whether my experience is unique; and whether I might not gain assistance from the suggestions of some brother-shepherd or from the wise guidance of one of those over-shepherds who have over sight of many folds. If by chance this should meet the eye of any special-ist trained in ecclesiastical zoos, I should welcome suggestions as to methods of promoting the non-survival of cats most given to fits! - - - - Clericus.



I'm giving you an idea of our trip abroad I shall have to hurry along, touching only the high places. So if there were time it would be most interesting to go into all the little byways where one really sees much that is most amusing and human. After traveling about for a time, one becomes so surfeited with Galleries and Cathedrals, that it is a positive relief to go walking about with no aim in particular but to dose around in out of the way streets and watch the sights.

There is so much of interest in and around London that two weeks seemed a very short time in which to cover the ground. But we managed to visit the Galleries, Cathedrals, London Town, and most of the other "show" places and were reasonably satisfied to go on to Paris at the end of the two weeks.

In Paris there were the Louvre and Luxembourg galleries, Pantheon, Napoleon's Tomb, Cathedrals - Grand Opera - and innumerable other interesting places to see. Besides "shopping" which one must do in Paris of all places!

It takes one two hours to walk straight through the Louvre, so it facilitates matters considerably if one follows Beadecker's advice and looks



up those paintings which he marks with stars. The two most wonderful of these were Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa, the greatest portrait in the world, and Murillo's Immaculate Conception.

The Luxembourg contains mostly modern works. Whistler's painting of his Mother is here, also St Gaudens "Pector Caritas", and many others which you would recognize, were I to name them.

Coming out of the Louvre across the Tuilleries Gardens it was very amusing to go sauntering <sup>down</sup> the Rue de Rivoli. If you stopped in front of a shop to admire something in the window, out bobs a woman who begins to jabber French at you telling you "how beautiful" and "how cheap her wares are."

If you go inside to inquire the price, you may always know that it is always three or four times what it should be, so you just make your own price. She will raise her hands in horror <sup>and</sup> you start for the door. Of course the woman will fume and fret but she will meet you at the door, hand you the object of your desires neatly wrapped in tissue paper, at the same time declaring that never before, in all her experience had she cut down a price!

One thing escaped Mr. Frost and not by any fault of his own I am sure. That was the "Morgue". Here they have the gruesome way of putting the bodies in the windows in a half reclining position in order that they may be viewed by the people



passing by, and thus be easily identified.

We finally left Paris and traveled on into Switzerland stopping at Berne, Zurich, and Luzern. We were sorry not to see Geneva and Interlaken, but that we hope to do another time.

In Berne we could sit in the park and gaze across the valley at the Jungfrau and Mätterhorn and to be this near was indeed thrilling to ~~one~~ who had never before seen Switzerland.

One thing which struck us quite forcibly as we traveled about was the inferior position that a woman holds, not alone in Switzerland but in most of these foreign countries. She works in the fields; she is hitched up beside a dog and helps to pull the milk cart; and in some places she works on the railroad breaking stone.

Travelling on from Luzern we went through the Alps through the Lago Maggiore valley into Italy, stopping at Como and Milan. I wish I had the power of describing to you the wonderful scenery on this trip. Instead of being rugged and rough as much of our Western scenery is, it is more like a garden. Now rising so high above us that the tops are covered by clouds; now stretching across the valley like a green cradle, with here and there a picturesque Swiss chalet, and often we could see a monastery perched so high upon a rock that it seemed quite impossible



that a human being could reach it.

We found some very fine art treasures in Milan, ----- chief among which was "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci. This was painted on the wall of an old church, and though it is somewhat damaged and indistinct, it still impresses with its great strength. Leonardo has depicted the expressions of consternation and indignation on the faces of the disciples when Christ accused them saying, "One of you will betray me."

Leaving Milan we retraced our steps back to Lugano - then to Paris, after which we visited Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Hamburg. These are all clean well regulated up-to-date cities, easily seen in a hurry, so they did not attract us for long.

Next on our list is Berlin. Here we found what seemed to be a second Paris; and here as in Paris people are seen all evening and well toward morning drinking and watching the sights, seated at tables outside the Cafés on the sidewalk of course. The German usually has <sup>his</sup> wife with him. The French man always has some other man's wife with him.

It was a terrible blow to us to find that the rows of trees on "Unter den Linden" were little dried up stubby looking things instead of being



high and imposing with beautiful spreading branches!  
 The city government of these German towns is infinitely better than ours. Instead of having a mayor they have a Burgomaster who, after having taken a thorough course of training which prepares him especially for this office, is given full power to execute the law according to his own convictions, with the help of a Council which he appoints himself.

We went from Berlin to Russia, taking what is called the "International Train to Luxe", and which leaves Berlin twice a week. Traveling in this country would almost drive a Chicago man mad. Time is no object and the engineers are paid a premium for all the fuel they can save.

We arrived at St. Petersburg in a pouring rain, which is accountable in some measure for my not being favorably impressed with the place, notwithstanding the fact that St. Petersburg is considered a beautiful city. After driving about in droshkies, and getting a fair idea of the place we hurried on to Moscow where we spent a week.

When we arrived here we felt almost as if we had stepped into another world; so strange did the buildings look. And the people too wore such hard, sober expressions. Of course the people whom you meet on the street are mostly



peasants and people of the lower classes whose faces are like wooden images - so stolid and blank they look. The years and years of hardships and oppression have even left their mark upon the faces of the little children. Many times we would try to coax a smile from some of them, with no result. They looked at you as if they did not see you.

There are few evidences of a love for flowers or parks or other decorations of the sort - Only homely stone buildings, stone walls - and stone pavements - All this is very depressing to people coming from Germany. There every window ledge is running over with flowers, and every scrap of ground large enough to stand upon is covered with green grass.

Notwithstanding all these discouraging features we found a strange fascination in visiting the queer-looking churches, and the Palace and walking around in the Kremlin.

Of all places in the world, one certainly does feel helpless in Russia. You cannot read the alphabet let alone being able to read the names of the street you live on. You cannot pronounce the name of your Hotel & a cab man can understand you. We were fortunate enough to procure the services of an Englishman who had been in Russia 30 years and could tell us all we wished to know.



We visited the art galleries first, and were really surprised at the high grade of art found there. We are all familiar with the painting of Vereschtschagin, whose works were exhibited in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, and who lost his life in the Russo-Japanese war where he had gone on board a war ship in search of new material for his paintings. The boat was blown up I believe. Beside Vereschtschagin there are many artists who rank equally high, though we know less of their works.

Next we visited the Kremlin which is a large enclosure containing the Palace, Treasury - and many churches. People used to come here for safety during times of war, as it is surrounded by wall and moat and is not accessible when once shut off from the rest of the city.

The Czars' palace is a very gorgeous affair inside - with very high ceilings and much gilt decoration. In passing through one very large room - the Ballroom I noticed a very elaborate hard wood floor, and called the guides attention to it. He said that the floor was laid by an American Company, only a few years ago. The front part of the palace, which is the part which shows in all the pictures, is not so very very old. In fact it did not look as old as Emperor William's Palace at Berlin, or the palaces out at Potsdam. But in the back end of the building there



is a portion which stands just exactly as it did when the Romanoffs were there. The first czar of the reigning dynasty was a Romanoff who was in power in the year 1596. This old building is very curiously designed and constructed (most of the rooms being very small, and low ceilinged), having more the appearance of a prison than a place of dwelling.

The Treasury is full of old armor - all the old styled equipments used by the monarchs in years past and more solid gold and silver than I ever expect to see again in my life. When anyone of the other countries or any of the czar's relatives gives him a present, it is too valuable to keep out in sight, so must be locked away in this Treasury for safekeeping. It is of absolutely no use here, and if it could be turned into money, would relieve many of the poor and starving of Russia's peasantry.

We went into the church of the Annunciation where all the Cezars are buried and the church of Coronation where they are all crowned. Not far from here is the spot where Duke Sergius was murdered by the bursting of a bomb. And only a little farther on was where Ivan the Terrible called his subjects out and



murdered them in cold blood because they refused to do his bidding.

The round cupolas which you will always see adorning the tops of the Russian Churches are in most every case covered with real gold leaf. This seems such a cruel waste of money when you stop to think how miserably poor and wretched are many of the subjects who have to help pay the bills. There is a new church, St. Saviors of which is almost completed, and which has already cost four million dollars.

After our visit to the Kremlin, we drove to Sparrow Hill, a point about a mile out of the city where one can get a beautiful view of Moscow. This is where Napoleon stood when he first discovered the city, and he turned to his officers and said, "There is Moscow. It is yours for the taking." But that great general had a surprise waiting him. When they arrived there, they found the people had fled taking all provisions with them and <sup>having set fire to the town.</sup> The prospect was not so alluring with starvation staring them in the face.

After our visit to Sparrow Hill we made a tour of the shops of which there are all kinds. Some very high toned ones where the prices are accordingly high. Some small shops where instead of printing the names of their wares, they have gaudy colored pictures painted on the outside of the door for the benefit of those who



cannot read.

We picked up a few curios and trinkets and left Moscow feeling that we had put in a very full week.

We next went to Riga - a typical Russian town, altho' there are many Germans here as well, it being close to the border line.

Here we took the boat across the Baltic Sea to Sweden - landing at Stockholm. Our boat was very good to look at, but she did behave most abominably. And for reasons of my own I had to keep flat on my back all day long. Mr. Frank said he was not sick but I noticed that the one time that he was brave enough to come down to our stateroom to inquire after my health, he looked a beautiful pale green, and he also made a quick escape. And next I heard of him was that he was stretched out on a row of chairs with a table cloth spread over him. ~~As soon as~~ we got in among the islands which line the coast of Sweden everyone felt fine as a fiddle and was on deck in time for dinner.

We were delayed a bit by the quarantine officers but were allowed to land after being examined by the doctor. They are very rigid about this on account of there being so much cholera in Russia.

I must skip along and not spend too much time on the rest of the trip, lest I tire you all so, that none of you will ever care to make the trip. So let us for



to-night leave Stockholm - going <sup>to</sup> Norweping -  
then over to Copenhagen - and from there  
back to Hambourg - and Berlin - then to Vienna  
Budapest, Frankfurt - Munich - and  
finally down the Rhine to Cologn - then  
to Paris where we waited around until  
the date of our sailing. I am sorry to  
rush over these last places - as they are  
all so very interesting, but I know it would  
take at least four or five more sheets  
of foolscap to do full justice to them -  
so we will have to leave them for another  
time.



THE MOTION PICTURE STORY,  
considered as  
A NEW LITERARY FORM .

In the history of world literature many forms have been evolved, each being brought into being to supply some real need of humanity, and to fit into some essential place.

The novel, until recently the youngest of these forms came into being in the early age of printed books, to carry its message of human sympathy and culture to the homes of the few and scattered educated families of olden time. Its vogue extended from year to year as the number of readers multiplied and as the progress of the printers' craft made volumes cheaper. The novel as a literary form has long overshadowed all other forms; it has even seemed to dominate the entire realm of literature.

The novel, however, is not universal in its appeal; it speaks to those only who read with readiness, and for whom time place and circumstance make opportunity. The modern workingman can read, but he does not. Nor do his wife or children. He is too tired with his day's work; his home is too crowded; interruptions and distractions are too many. He is apt to leave his home in its turmoil and confusion and to find rest in some neighboring saloon, where a few nickels will pay for his evening's entertainment. This, at least, was



thr way. Now he takes his <sup>children</sup> to the nickel show, leaving the tired housemother to finish her days work in quiet; or he takes the baby in his arms and takes his wife along while the older children wash the dishes. A very large percentage of the income of these nickel theatres is taken directly from the profits of the brewers. This fact probably accounts largely for the ill concealed hostility of the daily press to the motion picture; the liquor interests notoriously control the daily press through their advertisements.

The keynote of all literature is sympathy. The novel brought its note of sympathy, first to the few and widely scattered men of culture; later to the many inheritors of modern culture. The motion picture brings its note of sympathy alike to the cultured and to the uncultured; to the children of opportunity and to the sons of toil. It is literature for the illiterate, for the man of limited opportunity, or of alien tongue. It knows no boundary lines of race or nation. The same stories are being flashed upon the screen tonight from Moscow to the Golden Gate.

This motion picture story is a new literary form. It is not drama, it is not novel, it is not poem. It contains the elements of all previous forms

but it is itself a new form. It is the only new form creation since the publication of the first novel in 1741. It is so modern that we cannot yet see it in perspective; we can, as yet, realize only in the



smallest way its possibilities. We may see a little ; we may imagine more; but we should ever bear in mind the vast difference between crude beginnings and full achievement; between Pamela and Les Miserables; between the Beggar's Opera and Parsifal. The MOTION PICTURE STORY is to day a lusty infant; when it gets its growth it will shed its swaddling clothes and all men will see and recognize its virile power.

The art of printing made possible the novel. The invention of Edison made possible this newest literary form, though the inventor had no suspicion of this literary fact at the time. The first motion pictures were all scenic; later simple pantomimic actions were planned and photographed. Then came the invention of the mercury vapor electric light, (The Cooper Hewett Light) peculiarly adopted to photography. This made possible the use of special studios and scenic settings. Producers then began to plan and to stage regular pantomime plays; now the larger companies all have these studios; some have private parks many acres in extent and all send companies into the great natural studio of out of doors, there to enact mimic dramas in the environment of natural scenery.

This is the method, but the thing essential is the story; the methods of production and reproduction do not interest the spectator. He goes to see, to feel, to sympathize: He is taken for the time out of the limitations of his environment; he walks the streets of Paris; he rides with the cow-boy of the west; he delves in the depths of earth with swarthy miners or tosses on the ocean with sailor or with



fisherman. He feels too the thrill of human sympathy, perhaps with some child of poverty or sorrow; perhaps with some dainty maid in silk attire; he thrills with the touch of mother love or father tenderness. The motion picture artist may play on every pipe in the great organ of humanity.

This is literature; for literature is life, and this is life.

*Halter K. Fitch.*



Walter M. Fitch  
1728 W. Monroe St.  
Chicago, Ill.

Scenario for Motion Picture  
(full film)  
FOR BASHFUL BILLY'S SAKE.  
Rural Comedy.

Characters. Principals:

|                  |                                                                           |
|------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Silas Wright.    | Age 50---retired farmer and local capitalist. Moderately rich.            |
| Billy Wright.    | Age 24---Called "Bashful Billy". Son of Silas. A practical farmer.        |
| Mrs. Ellen Reed. | Age 45---Widow. Plump, attractive looking. Takes boarders.                |
| Miss Mabel Reed. | Age 21---Stenographer. Daughter of Mrs. Reed. Good looking business girl. |

Subordinates.

A pretty country girl, young, calico dress, sun bonnet.  
Salesmen.  
Tailor.  
Barber.  
Optician.  
Manicure.

Properties.

An auto runabout which Silas is to drive. Small and neat looking, to seat four passengers snugly.  
Two pair Handcuffs.



Scenes.

Studio settings.

1. Interior of Wright's kitchen, table etc.
2. Parlor of Mrs. Reed's boarding house.
3. Various shop interiors, (mere back grounds.)

Out of Door Scenes.

1. Wright's home. Farmhouse with side porch.  
Road near porch.
2. One or more city street scenes.
3. One or more country road scenes.

The words underlined in red are to be  
shown on screen as scene headings.



FOR BASHFUL BILLY'S SAKE.

Scene Heading.

SILAS AND HIS BASHFUL SON.

Scene. The farm houses. Silas and Billy sitting resting on porch. Both in shirt sleeves: Billy in working dress; overalls etc. Both have pipes. Billy watches his father listlessly; his whole attitude expresses restful contentment.

Silas, spectacles on nose, is looking over papers.  
(Show Close View.) Silas seen examining carefully, bank-book, deeds, mortgages etc.

(Idea being to show him as a country capitalist.)  
Billy watches Silas listlessly and with only mild interest. Suddenly Billy starts up and looks off down road. Rushes off terrified in opposite direction. Billy's start has aroused Silas who also looks down road and sees the country girl who has startled Billy.

Shows inclination to laugh and also to be angry with Billy. Enter the country girl. Silas receives her cordially and tells her of Billy's bashfulness. Both laugh.

Silas is evidently annoyed; girl (perhaps) shows some interest in Billy and some regret; she does her errand, which is to borrow a cup of molasses. Silas brings jug and pours it for her and she goes off. Silas looks after her regretfully. Re-enter Billy sheepishly. Silas tells him what he thinks of him; Billy has nothing to say in reply; lights his pipe disconsolately.



Scene Heading.

ALL THE DISCOMFORTS OF HOME.

"WHY DONT YOU GET A WIFE SIR ?"

Scene.---Wright's Kitchen, table with dishes disorderly and messy; flies; Billy eats stolidly. Silas fusses about scolding. Tells Billy he should have a wife to keep things decent and in order. Tries to eat and can find nothing eatable. Grows more and more angry.

Billy sheepish, but eats on stolidly; something happens, (trivial accident as burnt finger, dropped dish or something of that nature.) Silas loses his temper. Shakes fist at Billy, accusing him of being the cause of all the discomforts because he is too bashful to get a wife; Billy tries to pacify his father but Silas gets wildly angry; seizes a plate of biscuits and begins to pelt Billy who dodges and then runs.

Silas seizes dishes and hurls them after Billy who has run out. Dances about wildly; smashes dishes down on floor. Suddenly in the wildest of his anger an idea strikes him; he pauses with a plate upraised to throw. His face becomes wreathed in smiles. He holds the plate like something precious while the idea develops, then kicks it off like a football and dances a war dance about among the broken china; Billy seen looking in at the window, astonished; Silas does not see him. Makes a hasty toilet; then takes bank-book and papers from locked desk or book-case drawer.

Puts on hat and coat and hurries off. Enter Billy looks about bewildered at the havoc; looks after Silas. Seizes hat and hurries after him, in shirt sleeves.

Scene.---Silas boards train (or interurban car) and goes off. Billy looks after train, turns back toward home much mystified.



Scene Heading.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SILAS.

- 1 Scene. A Tailor Shop. Silas being dressed, studies himself  
in glass.
- 2 " " A Shoe Shop. Silas being fitted with shoes.
- 3 " " A Barber's Chair. Silas being barbered, studies  
himself in glass.
- 4 " " A Manicure. Silas hands being attended to.
- 5 " " A Glove Counter. Silas being fitted with gloves.
- 6 " " An Optician. Silas being fitted with stylish  
eye glasses.

Scene Heading.

THE FATHER'S MISSION.

A WIFE FOR HIS BASHFUL SON.

Scene.---A street. Silas , faultlessly dressed saunters down street keeping a sharp look out for girls; passes various ones; Enter Mabel; Silas is pleased with her; turns and follows at a distance; various scenes. Mabel passes, followed at distance by Silas; Mabel enters house; Silas comes up, sees sign "Rooms with board." Rings bell and enters.

Scene the Parlor. Silas engages board; enter Mabel; Silas is introduced by Mrs. Reed.

Scene Heading.

DOING BILLY'S COURTING.

In Mrs. Reed's parlor; Mabel at piano; Silas standing by her, attentive; flowers, compliments. Outside; carriage for theatre; Silas escorting ladies; Mrs. Reed as chaperon.

A restaurant; a little supper for three; by way of contrast, the farm house; Billy, lonesome, eating his bread and milk supper on steps. The restaurant again; party finishing supper.



In the parlor; the three return from theatre; Silas retires; ladies discuss him; Mrs. Reed urges Mabel to encourage him; Mabel reluctant; he is too old.

PROPOSING FOR BILLY.

In the parlor again. Mrs. Reed and Mabel sewing, fancy work. Enter Silas, embarrassed. Begins conversation, the ladies become interested. Silas shows bank-book etc. Also picture of his home. Speaks of his lonely life. Contrasts with the home comforts about him. Speaks of Billy, shows picture. Tells of his bashfulness. Proposes to Mabel that she marry Billy; while he speaks the ladies have been much interested, the mother eager, Mabel doubtful.

When he makes the proposal for Billy instead of self both show amazement, then Mrs. Reed becomes suddenly indignant and Mabel bursts out laughing. Silas continues pleading earnestly. Mrs. Reed scolds but presently she also joins in the laugh. At length the ladies assent to Silas' suggestion.

Shake hands. Exit ladies still laughing. Silas lights cigar and puffs reflectively.

Scene Heading.

W'ELL TAKE A LOOK AT BILLY.

In front of Mrs. Reed's home. Silas and ladies depart in auto. A street. Auto passes. A road . Auto passes. A road near Silas' home. Silas drives up in auto. Stops by roadside to look out ahead, goes on to investigate, comes back and says that all is clear. Drives on, Home and porch as in former scene. Auto drives up. Silas shows the ladies into the house and takes them to a window from which they can look out and watch. Then leaves them and goes out.

Stands by auto and calls Billy, toots horn etc. shouts



and waves cap, Enter Billy. Is much amazed; notices his father's clothes and improved appearance.

Silas shows auto etc. In talking Silas keeps Billy near the window where the ladies are hiding. He watches the window. When Billy's back is turned the ladies are seen peeping through the curtain. At last Mabel is seen to wave a laughing assent. Silas answers it. Billy is bending over auto examining engine.

Scene Heading.

A MUTUAL ATTACHMENT.

"THIS IS THE GIRL YOU ARE TO MARRY, BILLY."

Scene same. Silas tells Billy to bring water for radiator of auto; while Billy stands attentive carefully pouring water into tank, Silas kneels behind him and snaps pair of handcuffs on his ankles. Jumps back as Billy sees him and dodges pail which Billy throws. Silas calls the ladies who enter from the house. Billy painfully embarrassed. Silas introduces them; then announces that Mabel is to marry Billy who at once becomes terrified and tries to escape; he falls down and sits gazing ruefully at his fettered limbs.

Mabel half laughing, sits beside him and consoles him, tries to take his hand to hold; Billy is at first very shy but at length allows her to take his hand. Silas and Mrs. Reed stand by looking on, much interested; they are much in earnest also much amused; both give advice; Billy does not resist now and Silas locks a handcuff upon his left wrist and Mabel's right; then after releasing Billy's feet, Mrs. Reed and Silas depart for a spin in the auto, leaving the two young people to get acquainted. Billy, shy---Mabel, coy.---



Scene. A country road, Mrs. Reed and Silas drive up in auto . Silas stops the auto to laugh. Mrs. Reed also laughs but more moderately. Silas in a perfect gale of merriment. Points back toward the home. Gestures indicate his delight at the idea of the two left locked together. He swings his cap and shouts with delight. At length in his excitement he throws his arm around widows neck and hugs her. She is at once on her dignity, but Silas without entirely stopping his laugh begins to be attentive to her. She becomes coy. Silas becomes eager. At length she yields and Silas embraces her. She returns his embrace; Silas now takes wheel again and auto backs around to return to the young couple.

Scene. the farm again. Billy and Mabel seated on steps. Billy's bashfulness has been overcome and he appears radiantly happy. Kisses the future Mrs. Billy ecstatically. Mabel coy but happy. Handcuffs make embraces comically awkward.

Enter Silas and Mrs. Reed in auto. Alight and question the young folk. Both nod assent and Billy to emphasize his words embrace Mabel warmly.

The elders express approval, then to the surprise of the others they also embrace. Billy and Mabel start up astonished and question them. They nod assent, then the young couple come forward to congratulate the others. Embrace---Mabel and Silas---Billy and Mrs. Reed. While Billy's wrist and Mabel's are still linked together awkwardly; Silas now unlocks handcuff, and hands it to Mabel as a souvenir bowing profoundly. Billy is rushed into the house to get dressed for the wedding. Silas busies himself about the auto. Mabel and her mother help each other to arrange hats, veils, etc.



Scene Heading.

OFF FOR THE MINISTERS.

Silas cranks auto and takes his seat at the wheel.

Mrs. Reed sits beside him. Mabel takes rear seat.

Silas tries to embrace Mrs. Reed but she reproves him and warns him not to disarrange her hat etc.

Enter Billy from house. Sits beside Mabel and embraces her in spite of her protests. Exit auto. Billy with arms around Mabel